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valescence. As a writer, Mr. St. Leger displayed great intensity of feeling, and a deep knowledge of the secret workings of human nature. His descriptions were vivid, and pictures of passion powerful. His Gilbert Earle, and his tale of the Bohemians, rank among the best efforts in this department of literature."

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

We mentioned in our first Number, the recent additions made to *Memoirs* connected with late events; France, also witnesses the publication of the "Memoires complets et authentiques du duc de St. Simon, &c." which are to be completed within this month. These memoirs are called *Complets*, because this is the first time of their appearing in full, as the Duke wrote them; large portions of the original papers had been suppressed by Government, and through family motives; they refer to the reign of Lewis XIV. and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, whose intimate he was. They abound in curious particulars and descriptions of historical characters—and on the whole give the French people no very great cause to regret the "*bon vieux temps*." By the extent of the work, (16 vols.) and the anticipation of a yet greater prolongation, we may form an idea of the copiousness of these memoirs. The English Novels, by Scott, Cooper, and even Banim, are presented, as soon as published, in a French-dress, and with other importations from England and Germany, give birth and currency to a much more general and varied literature, than was in vogue previous to the Revolution. The French philosophy is also partly influenced by the Scotch; there has lately appeared a translation of Macculloch, the economist,—but, to that subject we shall recur in a future number.

Dietrich Hüllman has published a work in German, on the police and condition of cities in the middle ages, (*Städtewesen des Mittelalters*), in which he displays a great deal of erudition on a period, which has, of late years, been so successfully illustrated in this country by Hallam, and in France, by Sismondi, of one of whose works, (*Littérature du midi*), a new edition (the third,) has lately appeared.

In Russia there would be found a great deal of talent, were it not, unfortunately, checked by a rigid *censure*, which interferes with the publication even of *Almanachs*. The late Emperor was so well aware of the injury done to literature, by submitting the fruits of genius and learning to the scrutiny of any number of men, who may be biased by other motives than those of justice, that (although he would not abolish it, from fear, we presume, of too much enlightenment,) he took an individual author, (the celebrated *Karamzine*, the writer of a history of Russia,) under his special protection, taking on himself the office of censor, which he certainly exercised with less partiality than any other would have done. In like manner, his present Imperial Majesty has taken under his personal *surveillance*, the poet *Pouchkine*, whose writings are much admired by his countrymen, and to whom it was intimated, that it was his Majesty's pleasure to examine whatever works he might be disposed to publish hereafter. The censorship extends especially to Foreign books and Journals, which are to be examined at the post offices—it is strict with novels, with respect to morality, religion, and, we presume, chiefly politics. The Russians possess an

author particularly distinguished in the last mentioned style, and, it seems, not unworthily so; we mean, *Basil Nargjny*.

T. G. A.

DUBLIN *versus* LONDON.

BY A JUNIOR PENTAGONAL.

Here we go up, up, up—

There we go down, down downie;  
Now we go hither and yonder,  
And hey! for Dublin townie.

Of all cities, at home or abroad, of hill or plain, main-land or island, commend us to the capital of our fatherland—the metropolis of old Ireland. Who that remembers the well known Lord L—— who stood on the steps of his splendid mansion in Stephen's-green, to watch, as he said, "the predestinarians perambulating the Beau-walk, and pronounced Dublin the most fashionable, car-dhrivnest, saybathinest, tay-dhrinkinest, pleassintest, dissipatinnest, place in the world," but must concur in the justice and acuteness of his Lordship's commendation, and proclaim Eblana the beautiful and delightful, the queen of cities. When Englishmen speak slightly of our country, (as those who have not visited us too frequently do,) we only pity their ignorance, or reason them (in our native way) into good manners; but when a fellow-countryman—our familiar friend, in whom we trusted—assails our land or people, he raises in us stronger feelings of pain and indignation. Yet Irishmen may generally be known by their abuse of Ireland, and every thing Irish, as easily as by that musical and ear-soothing intonation which our maligners call the brogue. But, laying all national feeling and prejudice completely aside, let us, for a moment, calmly contemplate the comparative advantages of the two capitals.

In London, in all years generally, and this year (we speak of 1829) in particular, not only does summer set in, as Lord Dudley phrases it, "with its usual severity," but from the commencement of the winter, till the sitting of the House, you have nothing but one long, cold, guttery, snowy, blowy, dark, dreary, ill-scented November fog, during which you speak sour and sharp to your wife—scold and skelp your children—snap and snarl at your friend—until, at length, on a stern sleety morning, remaining in your chamber long beyond the usual hour, the door is at last thrust open, and you are discovered, by your agonised relations, hanging from the bed-post in a state of suspended animation—with your nose as green as a welsh leek—your tongue protruded five inches over your teeth, and a letter in your waistcoat pocket from your coal-merchant's solicitor—threatening instant proceedings, if payment be not made, with costs, and without delay.

Besides, the size of London is quite absurd. For example—you live in Sloane-street, and want to call on your particular friend in Islington Terrace, who has caught a quinzey and the snuffles, from "the cold, wet, and mire." Intervalla vides humanæ comoditas, as Dan Horace somewhere inditeth of the hardships of the Roman metropolis, and which the sage commentator, in loco, interprets in his critical and idiomatic acquaintance with our native tongue, "a pretty fair distance."—In English, it is nine miles off. If a man walks he is tired to death, and worse; the legs of his ineffables, crusted with liquid Macadam, till they resemble pillared supporters for that Colossus of roads,

while the Stultz premier, the cravat, and even the human face divine, are only less profusely spattered than the troisèmes, with the same congealed consistency of claubery clay. Then you are jostled and knocked about by butchers, porters, sweeps, pot-boys, dogs, draymen, and other two and four-footed beasts, and that too as often by mere malice prepense as by accident; and when you, (Patrick) accustomed to the better subordination of ranks observed in Ireland, proceed with becoming spirit to knock your assailant civilly over in the kennel, as a matter of course, by a left-handed facer, judiciously planted on the nether jaw; you are astonished to find yourself snapped up by a party of *Peelers*! what think you, to answer a charge of assault before Sir Richard Bernie?

Feriant: vadimonia delude

Irati faciunt.

They kick you first—then charge you on the watch, as Juvenal describes two thousand years ago.

But, with the fear of calcitration and incarceration before your eyes, you prefer taking a Cab; scarcely have you proceeded above seventy or eighty streets, when the thing the driver calls a horse starts, stumbles, runs away, and falls:—you are pitched out upon your head in the mire—crushed under a coal waggon, and the Crown's quest returns a verdict of 'found dead, and buried in a cavity of the pavement.' But you are light, and Irish, and not easily killed; and accordingly you come off with only your left shoulder put out, and a compound fracture in your right leg; the horror-struck spectators, in a transport of benevolence and enthusiasm—no—not in either transport or enthusiasm—for it is in London, but in a dirty blanket, placed on an old door, bear you off to Middlesex Hospital, or Guy's, where you recover sensation barely in time to hear the consoling tidings that amputation is indispensable, and in the *Morning Herald* of the following day, under the head of "fatal accident," appears the mournful intelligence that "Mr. Garra Mahaffy, a gentleman from Ireland, was yesterday thrown from his Cabriolet, in Fleet-street, and so severely contused, that, after suffering amputation, and lingering in unspeakable agonies till midnight, the unfortunate gentleman breathed his last. His friends are not known!"

We manage things better in Dublin. Here we have one delicious range from Harcourt-street South, by Stephen's-green, Grafton, Westmorland and Sackville-streets, through Cavendish-row, and on to Blessington-street Basin in the polar regions, which, with a few lateral divergencies to Merrion, Fitzwilliam and Mountjoy-squares, includes nearly the whole habitable globe. Then our Quays, and our Phoenix-park; where will you match them. The atmosphere is clear, serene and mild, and the streets airy, and wide, and well and cleanly kept, to ride, drive, or walk in, and ladies, absolutely ladies, beautiful, well dressed and unattended, walking securely without fear or thought of insult, for—

"Though we love beauty and golden store,  
Sir Knight, we love honour and virtue more."

Now go to London and "follow me that if you can," as widdy Brady challenges Captain Bell in the song. And though our ladies can walk in safety when they like, they have handsome well appointed equipages to drive in too, nor have we any lack of all the stir and bustle of a great metropolis.